

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Circulates through Pennsylvania, and all the other States of the Union, rising 7000 papers every publication.

VOL. VI.—No. 325.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 20, 1827.

Terms, 32 in advance.

PUBLISHED BY ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 112 CHESNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND TWO DOORS BELOW THE POST-OFFICE.—7 COUNTING-ROOM ON JUDSON ALLEY.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

**FRIENDSHIP.**  
Addressed to my young friend Mr. William M. Goodwin.

“Tell me not—I’ll never believe

What some have often sung,

That Friendship’s meant but to deceive,

More tenderness of tongue.

I’ll never believe that one like thee,

So generous and just,

Can practise arts of treachery.

Beneath the gird of trust.

There is a trait in trench’rous man,

Yet fathom’d but by few;

“Fair duchess, thou’ art open to our scan-

And false, thou’st seeming true;

It hath a tongue that doth import,

You, bid sweet transports roll;

But ‘tis the hydra of the heart,

The serpent of the soul.

That man who proves in fortune’s day,

To needless man a friend,

And like a lover steals away,

When fortune’s favors end,

Never felt the generous spark import

The flame which is display’d—

Which burns within pure friendship’s heart,

Thro’ sunshines and thro’ shade.

But thee, my youthful friend, I know,

I know thy heart sincere;

Thou can’t drop balm on human woe,

On sorrow’s tomb a tear.

And well I know thy feelings blend

With thy affections warm;

Thou art to fellow man a friend,

In sunshine and in storm.

## MILFORD BARD.

**LINES.**  
Who spoke of the wine cup as a charm

To crush the source of sorrow;

Can the wine cup grief disarm,

Or promise peace to-morrow?

Speak not of wine, it cannot heal

A heart with grief opprest;

The fumes of wine cannot conceal

The scorpion in the breast.

Speak not of wine, it may consume

Our misery for a minute;

But when our griefs rise from its fume,

An age of woe is in it.

If infant sorrow round thy heart

Should tremble-like entwine,

Oh! ‘tis the cause of every smart,

The cursed use of wine.

## SEER.

**ACROSTIC.**  
Bliss seat of my childhood, oh! beautiful spot,

Ever dear to my heart shall thy memory prove,

Long shall I cherish what can never be forgot,

Long shall I thank on the scenes that I love.

Virtue, Peace and Content may you ever there

— dwell,

In the hearts of my friends, meet a welcome sin-

cerue;

Each day, old! attend them, nor bid them farewell,

While their hearts kindly welcome and love you so

dear.

## GLORVINA.

**TIME AND ETERNITY.**  
Why do the joyful scenes fly?

No longer seen, no longer known;

Why is the range of earth and sky,

Like a transient vision gone?

‘Tis time with unmodulated sway,

That sweeps those lovely scenes away.

Life, as a fine majestic oak,

Stretches its stately branches round;

Then bows beneath the fatal stroke,

And spreads its foliage on the ground;

Time, with a rude remorseless sway,

Does sweep our feeble life away.

I saw the blooming sons of God,

Sustained by earth, and reared by heaven;

I saw them spread their tent abroad,

And then from all their ploughs driven;

Relentless time with ruthless sway,

Did sweep those blooming sons away.

I saw the earth, a charming scene,

With hills and vales resplendent drest,

With groves and fields of lovely green,

As ducks and herds with plenty blest;

But time with wanton reckless sway,

Did sweep those beauteous scenes away.

I saw the glittering rolling spheres,

Ranging the sky with cloudless light;

When in the lap of wasting years,

They set in everlasting night;

‘Twas time that bore such boundless sway,

That swept those radiant orbs away,

As though old time was passing by,

As lowering o’er this wreck of things;

And feeble were the attempts he made

To spread again his pendant wings;

Eternal ages claim’d the sway,

And asepitate time away.

I saw those mighty ruin, all

Convoluted move with dreadful throe;

I heard a voice impulsive call,

And a new earth and heaven rose;

‘Twas God, who did his sceptre sway,

And introduced eternal day.

I saw the illustrious dead assume

Immortal life in realms divine;

I saw through ages yet to come,

Unfolding scenes of glory shine;

Where endless life obtains the sway,

And time and death are done away.

I saw unnumber’d millions dwell

In glorious climes of boundless bœ;

Where angel’s anthems sweetly swell,

Respondent through the sounds above;

Where pure delights in full display;

Extinct through everlasting day.

## THE FAMILY DINNER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN VIENNA.

“I wish you would come and dine with me some time in a friendly way,” said, continually to me, a young man whom I used to meet at the coffee houses and the theatres, and who fastened himself upon me in every place, offering me civilities which I did not feel much inclined to accept. He was just such a personage as we see hundreds of every day; and therefore I shall not describe him more particularly, lest my readers should fix upon some one of their acquaintance as the original of the portrait. “You must,” said he, “come to my house, and be acquainted with my wife—there are not ten like her in the whole world, and my children, too—though I say it who should not say it—such children as mine are real blessings. I must show you how I live. I am the happiest master of a family alive, and a proper example for young men who don’t like matrimony. Come and dine with me once.” We shall treat you well, out ceremony, and give you only a family dinner; but I will answer for it you will be pleased.

Although I am by no means averse to splendid tables, sumptuous viands, and numerous guests, yet there is nothing which I enjoy more than a quiet family dinner, particularly when invited by an old friend, for the purpose of having a little tranquil conversation. It is refreshing to the mind, to leave for a few hours the tumult of the great world, to be a transient partaker of the unostentatious pleasures of domestic intercourse—and in such circumstances, a glass of old Bhenish tastes better than the Bourdeaux, Sauterne, and Champagne at tables where I hear no conversation but that relative to the opera of yesterday, and see nothing but artificial faces, and still more artificial manners.

I met my above-mentioned friend in the street a few days ago. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, laid hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going. “To dinner,” was my reply. “Good! good!” replied he: “now I have caught you, I shall not let you go; you must take a family dinner with me. It was in vain that I pleaded a prior invitation as an excuse—my two hospitable friends would not admit of it, and I was obliged to go. ‘Farwell, then,’ said my friend; ‘I hope I shall see you again soon. You know the way to my house now—since it is to day, so it is every day; I hope you will often come and take a family dinner with us.’ I hardly know what I said in return; but I hastily seized my hat, muttered some compliments, ran out of the door—and shuddered still at the recollection of the ‘Family Dinner.’” *—Lam. Lit. Gaz.*

The family dinner consisted of a thin, watery soup, thickly powdered with saffron, some radishes, and a little bit of butter, so small that the children clamored in vain for their allowances of it to their bread; next followed beef, in which my eyes looked in vain for fat; then appeared the sauté-kraut, warmed up for the second time with a single sausage; and at last a dish-in which I could discover nothing but sausages. “This is a grease-chicken,” said my amiable and agreeable host, “my wife has no equal in cooking it.” I rejoiced at first in the hopes of getting something I could eat; but after fishing a long time in a sea of liquid, I could only bring up one chicken’s drum-stick. My host kept urging me to drink, with the assurance that his wine was not strong, but had a very rich flavor, and was perfectly innocent. I must show you how I live. I am the happiest master of a family alive, and a proper example for young men who don’t like matrimony. Come and dine with me once.” We shall treat you well, out ceremony, and give you only a family dinner; but I will answer for it you will be pleased.

Although I am by no means averse to splendid tables, sumptuous viands, and numerous guests, yet there is nothing which I enjoy more than a quiet family dinner, particularly when invited by an old friend, for the purpose of having a little tranquil conversation. It is refreshing to the mind, to leave for a few hours the tumult of the great world, to be a transient partaker of the unostentatious pleasures of domestic intercourse—and in such circumstances, a glass of old Bhenish tastes better than the Bourdeaux, Sauterne, and Champagne at tables where I hear no conversation but that relative to the opera of yesterday, and see nothing but artificial faces, and still more artificial manners.

I met my above-mentioned friend in the street a few days ago. The moment he saw me he ran up to me, laid hold of my arm, and asked me where I was going. “To dinner,” was my reply. “Good! good!” replied he: “now I have caught you, I shall not let you go; you must take a family dinner with me. It was in vain that I pleaded a prior invitation as an excuse—my two hospitable friends would not admit of it, and I was obliged to go. ‘Farwell, then,’ said my friend; ‘I hope I shall see you again soon. You know the way to my house now—since it is to day, so it is every day; I hope you will often come and take a family dinner with us.’ I hardly know what I said in return; but I hastily seized my hat, muttered some compliments, ran out of the door—and shuddered still at the recollection of the ‘Family Dinner.’” *—Lam. Lit. Gaz.*

From the New-York Enquirer.

**SHE HAS FINISHED HER EDUCATION.**  
Do you observe that young Lily with a compressed shape—an enormous French hat—a superabundance of châsses, bracelets, crosses, golden hearts, &c., &c., mincing her steps through Broadway? *“She has finished her education.”* Observe Miss Prissy with her hair on papiste, her slippers off, her eyes calico morning gown unhooked, her eyes half closed, and her mouth in the sulks, slide to the breakfast table at 9 o’clock. *“She has finished her education.”* See that young lady lolling on the sofa and crying over a novel. *“She has also finished her education.”* Only mark the fine, bold, independent air which Miss Dashaway puts on as she sailes through the drawing-rooms—a nod to one—a smile to another—*“She has also finished her education.”* Only see that she made me a curtsey which resembled a contortion of anger, and drawled, “Happy to see you,” in so gloomy a tone, that it sounded very much like “I wished you were hanged.” Nothing can be more unpleasant than to feel ourselves unwelcome in houses whether we come against our inclinations. I wished myself ten miles off, but my new acquaintance said, “Now let us leave the mistress to make her preparations,” and tell me into an adjoining room, to show me her dwelling. “I have not many apartments,” continued he, perfectly self-satisfied, “but every thing is neat and orderly.” I was then obliged to stoop to get into a cabinet, which two little dirty brats seemed to have been turned topsy-turvy. The floor and furniture were covered with snips of paper, pictures, knives, spoons, and toys of all kinds. “This is the only true happiness—to be a father!” said my host, while he cleared a chair to offer it to me. “Hey, Charles! Louis! come and ask the gentleman how he does”—“I shant,” said Charles, and the father whispered in my ear, “Full of spirit; quiet a character—Come to me directly,” continued he to the boy, somewhat more severely. The boy laughed and remained still. The father went and pulled them towards me by the ears, assuring me all the time of their obedience. “Now Charles, have you learned your lesson? repeat your la—” The boy muttered.

The Liverpool Albion, in noticing this subject, remarks—

“There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge, that ‘finished her education,’ by leaving perfectly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and the mother of six children. She plays well upon the piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does, put all the children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table, the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grandmother’s pantry—and her coffee—O! her coffee!—it would cost her head, if she could not be prudently circumstanced, as it is alleged, chiefly by concealed tomes, which she ignorant contumacy. I recognized to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been poison; so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss her feet. He then implored her to forgive him for his conduct, and a tearful supplication to be allowed to go to her for a few moments, to weep over his sins. She still dwelt upon the tale that had blasted all her joys, and wept to think she must suspect that being whom she once fondly believed incapable of guile. Some months roll’d away, till one evening as she sat caressing her infant boy, Mandelbert suddenly broke silence, by telling her that urgent business required his immediate absence from home—“May I venture to enquire the business?” timidly asked the anxious Rosalie—he changed colour, and stammered a few in







## THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.



Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OLD SIMON.

Old Simon and Jenny for forty long years,  
In sunshine and storms through this valley of life,  
Had jogged on together, and when they grew old,  
They look'd with regret on their silver and gold;  
For death, his wond'ring had always pass'd by;  
They that almost forgot they ever should die,  
Too strong was Simon to part with a gun;  
Till the bullet was fairly kick'd over by Jenny;  
For then he was free, and he dress'd up again;  
As long as a father's wife to obtain;  
His teeth were all gone, and his eyes were glaz'd over.

He had been as poor as a late blossom of clover,  
His wife and his son in true friendship had met,  
And his lips with tobacco were colour'd and wet;  
'Tis in going and drooping he thought himself young.

And to later the ladies new model'd his tongue;  
But with gold in his pocket what could not be done!

For beauty, by riches too often is won!

And he married a lady not sixteen years old,

Was it love for old Simon? Oh! no, 'twas his gold.

An enigma, said to have been written in Mr. Canning's school for a length of time baffled the skill of all England to solve:

"There is a word of plural number,

At once peace and human number;

Now not word you choose to take;

By adding 8 you plough;

But if you add 8 to this;

How strange the metamorphosis!

Plough, is plough, then no more;

And a word, what better was before?"

**SOLUTION.**—The word is **carps**, to which by adding 8, you have **carps**.

The following lines were copied from the Register at the American Hotel, Niagara:

"To learn, poor fallen man, just trace this book;

How vain, how weak, how low lie thy scribblings books;

Would you his Maker know, exalt your soul,  
He writes his name where yonder waters roll;

His pen the iris, biling from the sheet;

Vastness the theme, eternity the date."

### ANTICIPATORY WISH.

A lady made a Christmas present to an old servant, a few days before it might have been expected. It was gracefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks: "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, my sir; and with you many returns of the season before it comes."

From James Barrington's Sketches.

"Mr. Croom had a younger brother who was an attorney, very like him, but taller and better looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humor, a little wit, and much妙ing; his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession, (and this was saying a great deal of him.) My friend had justly excluded him from his house, and occasionally rebuked his known conduct, but it had not yet, to an enormous extent, and is certain in its operation, when once it has got the ascendancy, that we cannot be too careful in nipping in the bud the disease that generates it."

It has the leaves in whorls, or in 4's, they are distant and linear; the flowers are terminal in clusters and whorls, commonly capitated or forming small heads. The calyx has 4 divisions, the corolla is oval with 4 teeth, including 8 stamens and a pistil. The Heath is a social shrub, covering often large tracts of ground, which bear their names in England.

Some species are very showy, with fine clusters of large flowers; they are the ornament of Greenhouses and the delight of modern Florists. Their cultivation is easy; but they require a peculiar made soil, called heat soil, light and rich. They are at the head of a large natural family called after their English names.

The Heath form one of the most extensive genera of plants, containing upwards of 500 species, all perfectly, with a peculiar slender habit, small narrow scale leaves, and delicate flowers, seldom sweet-scented.

They are confined to the Eastern Continent, and mostly to Africa, none having been found in America, where an skin genus, the *Anthonomea*, flourishes instead.

They are all shrubby, forming commonly small evergreen shrubs from one to three feet high; but some species are larger; and one, the *E. arborea*, attains in Greece and Sicily the height of 10 feet.

The Heath is a social shrub, covering often large tracts of ground, which bear their names in England.

Some species are very showy, with fine clusters of large flowers; they are the ornament of Greenhouses and the delight of modern Florists. Their cultivation is easy; but they require a peculiar made soil, called heat soil, light and rich. They are at the head of a large natural family called after their English names.

The Heath is the emblem of DELICATE NECESSITIES.

### PARKER'S PANACEA.

A LITTLE use of the PANACEA will prevent Consumption as it carries off the complaints that terminate in that fatal and wide-spreading disease. It is a well known fact that more die with this disease than of any other, and it is the most fatal of all. Parker's Panacea has proved to an enormous extent, and is certain in its operation, when once it has got the ascendancy, that we cannot be too careful in nipping in the bud the disease that generates it.

It has the leaves in whorls, or in 4's, they are distant and linear; the flowers are terminal in clusters and whorls, commonly capitated or forming small heads. The calyx has 4 divisions, the corolla is oval with 4 teeth, including 8 stamens and a pistil. The Heath is a social shrub, covering often large tracts of ground, which bear their names in England.

Some species are very showy, with fine clusters of large flowers; they are the ornament of Greenhouses and the delight of modern Florists. Their cultivation is easy; but they require a peculiar made soil, called heat soil, light and rich. They are at the head of a large natural family called after their English names.

### Mr. Milford's Analogue Drops.

FOR the instantaneous cure of the Tooth-ache see:

LOTION, for Sensitive gums, and fusing loose teeth, 50 cents. Powder, for the prevention of tooth-ache, 25 cents. Sold at the W. C. Parker of Liverpool, 5th and 6th streets, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States.

Mr. Milford's Analogue Drops, 50 cents.

</